



# MANSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL



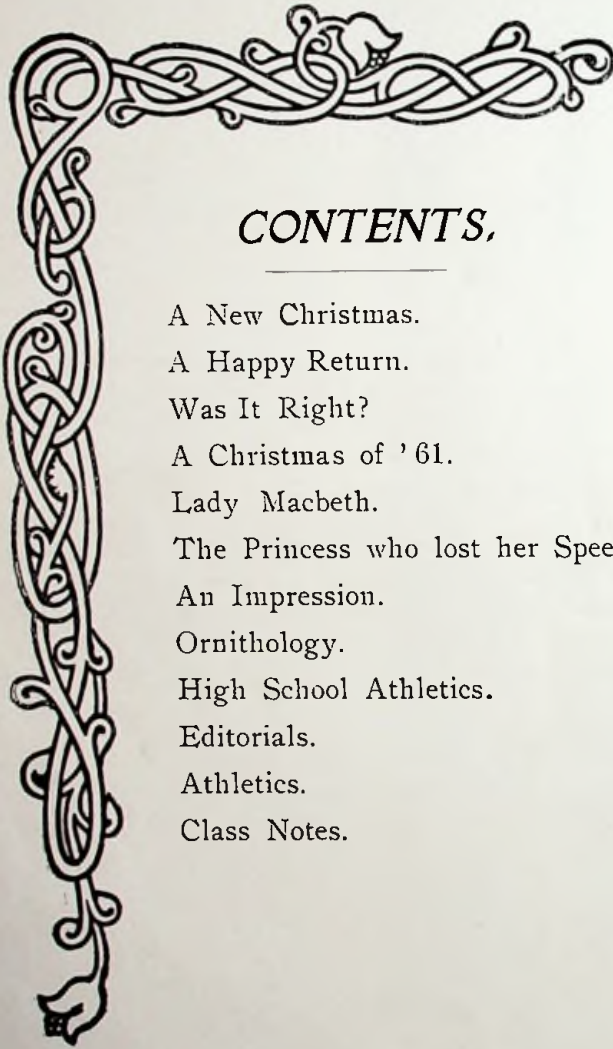


# The Moccasin

As the Moccasin marked the path of the Indian through the forest, so it is intended that this paper shall mark the course of events in our High School.



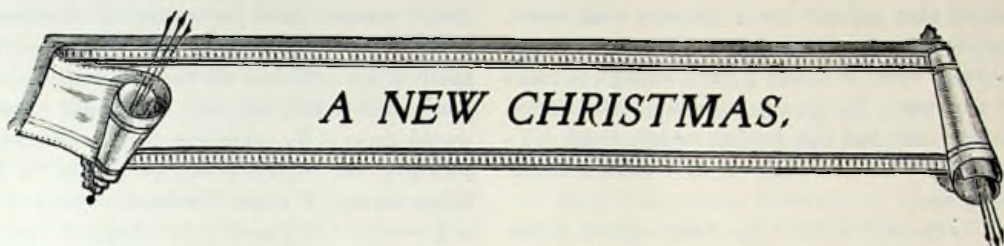
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JOHN WARD had spent the greater part of his life in the accumulation of gold. He deprived himself and his family of the necessities of life. He did his farm work in the old-fashioned way because he would not spend the money for modern machinery. His wife was made to cook upon an old, cracked stove, and the floors of their rude dwelling were uncarpeted. They had scarcely enough to eat and keep them warm. His son Arthur, a delicate and sickly child, had not had the proper medical attention or he might now have been a strong and healthy youth. The daughter, Mary, had not been sent to school as her father refused to spend his money for books, but thanks to the mother's good education the little one was taught at home. All these things he did,—or rather did not do, that he might hoard up his gold.

He laughed at the idea of celebrating the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and Christmas. "What good does it do 'em," he said, "to spend a lot of money fur fire works 'nd presents 'nd sich?"

"Its not the benefit, John, as much as it is the spirit and the idea," replied his good wife.

"Fie! Fie! what good is sich sentiment," he retorted, "be better fur 'em if they'd put their money on int'rest."

His wife said no more, having learned long ago that it would be useless.

On a Thanksgiving she asked if they might not have one of the turkeys for dinner. He replied that he was going to sell the turkeys,

and that the family could do without. As she was leaving the room, he cried: "Woman! woman! you would have us all in the poorhouse afore no time with your fool ideas." His wife sat down by the window and thought bitterly of her life. True she had loved him once, but he had driven all such sentiment far from her. She sat and pondered long, then arose and went about her work with a heavy heart.

Time sped on. Christmas drew near. It was even the day before. The wife had prepared a few simple presents for her children. She well knew that no thought of celebration would enter her miserly spouse's heart, still she thought that he might have softened just a little and so she decided that when he returned she would ask him for a new stove. As she was thinking about it her husband entered the room. He seated himself by the stove, and complaining of its being very cold in the room, was about to open the oven door, when his wife reminded him that it was broken and would not open. She continued, "That leads me to something I have wanted to ask you for a long time."

"Well," said her husband shortly. She continued, "John, you can see that the stove is in very bad condition and surely you don't expect me to cook upon such a thing much longer. Can't you spare the mon—?" At the mere mention of the idea he flew into a rage, crying, "No, siree, you just believe I can't; why I've got a chance to loan two hundred dollars fur two months at three per cent. and I can't afford to

lose all that int'rest fur a plaguey cook stove. No sree, no sir, I just can't. I have to scrape up every cent or I won't have enough to make up the sum. No ye can't have no new stove. You've only had this un fur twenty years. Ye don't take no care of't or it wouldn't be all broke up."

"Very well John," his wife replied, "But just let me ask you what good all your wealth is going to do you? You were poor when we were married, but seems to me we had about as much then as we have now. I don't just see what good your pinching and skimping is doing you, if you don't have some pleasure out of it? Are you saving it for someone after your gone? Remember, John, the Bible says you can't take your gold with you when you die. We don't have a bit of good out of this money. Those Nors that live in a little log house have as much as we do although their man get's drunk whenever he's got the money, and, John, I wouldn't be surprised if they have more 'an we do. Now just tell me what good it does you?"

"Well, Liz," he replied, lamely, "I don't want to hav' to go to the poor house."

"We would be better off if we were," she said bitterly.

"Here are a few lines I have read somewhere. Listen to what they say:"

"Be thou not a spendthrift,  
Nor yet be thou a miser."

The woman turned to her work and her husband went to the barn and having seated himself near a sunny window began to mend a set of harness.

In spite of all his attempts to the contrary his mind would wander to his wife's words. As he was sitting there, Mary and her cousin, Ina, came with their aprons full of apples and seated themselves under the window where the father was at work. Ina said, "I'll tell you some fun, Mary, if you won't tell nobody." Mary nodded assent, while Ina continued, "One night I

heard mamma and papa talking. Mamma said that your pa was like to die in one of those spells of his and then the money would come to your mamma and she said she hoped your ma would make it fly cause she han't never had no pleasure out of all your pa's gold." Mary began crying, "I don't want my papa to die, so I don't." "Don't cry," begged Ina, "he hian't going to die, but ma just said it might be so, and the doctor said Arthur wasn't well and your ma is awfully del'cate and if they should die then there would only be you. Of course, we wouldn't want you to die for nothing in the world, but if you should, then all the money would come to us, and if it ever did, ma said, it would fly so fast that your pa's ghost would most take fits. But don't cry," she said to Mary, who all this time had been sobbing quietly, "it isn't going to be so, ma just said it might be. Come let's go and get some more apples if as ma says, your stingy pa don't care." The cousins rose and walked away, Mary drying her tears as they went.

Long before the children had moved away the man dropped his needle and sat gazing, as it were, out of the present, into the future. He saw his family drop away one by one, saw his wealth go from one to another until it passed to his brother, saw his sister-in-law spending money with a lavish hand, people pointing the finger of scorn at his memory and saying that there was a man who saved his money and had no enjoyment out of it while he lived and now his relations were enjoying his sayings. Then he thought of what his little girl had said, she didn't want her papa to die, and his wife's kindness to the children, and even to him. "Oh! what a brute I have been," he cried, and throwing his work to the floor he rushed to the house.

"Lizy," he said, as he stood before her, "I was wrong, I want to beg your pardon for all the injustice and wrong I have done you. This

afternoon we'll go over to town and get all the things that you want for the house and besides we'll get a lot of presents for the children, and tomorrow we'll have a real Christmas, a new Christmas."

His wife looked up from her work, and then smiling, came across the room and putting her hands on his shoulder, she pressed a kiss upon his cheek.

HOMER HOWARD, '05.

## *A Happy Return.*

"'Twas Christmas Eve, the snow fell fast,  
Fell through the twilight, dun and grey:  
And now a breeze, and now a blast,  
The wind went whistling on its way."

THE white streets of the city were crowded with people who were hurrying home after purchasing their Christmas gifts. Even though it was so very cold, not a single person noticed it for every one was happy and each heart was gay thinking of those whom they would make happy on the following day. Thinking that it was the eve of blessed holiday and of the happy homes that await them, homes in which joyous shouts would ring and where red-lipped children were waiting to win the first paternal kiss.

Ruby Leigh was forty-five years old and half these years he had worked hard to keep the wolf from the door. He is sitting before the old-fashioned fire-place in which the smothered drift-wood burns.

"Oh, here we are this Christmas eve. Our floor is bare, our fuel is scant, and we are thinly clad. We sometimes have not food enough to eat. Our children are so good. Oh! if I only had the money how many hearts I could make glad, and there is Gay, darling boy, he sleeps beneath the sea."

His dear wife who stood leaning on his chair tried to cheer him. She told him how the good Lord had blessed them in many ways and that perhaps he was looking at them now.

Ruby Leigh's brow was wrinkled and he shook his head doubtfully.

"How I love those little ones. How I long to get them something; but tomorrow the rent is due."

"Oh, Ruby, if it was only a dime apiece. You know they never had a toy."

They hear a knock. They take a light and hasten to the door. Here they see an old man carrying upon his back a very large sack.

"Can I get a night's lodging and some supper, please?" is his anxious question.

They help him in. He puts his sack upon a chair and shakes the clinging snow from his cap and beard. Then he takes a chair beside the fire.

While Ruby mends the fire, he sits silently looking on and when the good wife brings him their last piece of pone and a cup of warm coffee, he only smiles.

Two Christmas stockings hang before the fire.

"Have you children, and are they young?" the old man asks his host.

"Yes, two, a boy and a bright-eyed girl."

When it came time to retire, they took the blankets from their bed and placed them before the roaring fire for the stranger to rest on.

In the morning the snow was falling fast and Ruby feared his guest would stay for he knew there was not enough food for all. While he lays thinking he hears his children jump from their bed and rush to the fireless hearth.

"Oh! papa, papa! Hurry! Come and see what Santa has brought! A gold coin for me and Sis, and our stockings are full clear up to the top!"

"And, papa, see this pretty new red dress, and this, and this! Oh, papa!"

"What does this mean? Can it be some one has played a trick?"

They dress themselves and hurry to where the stranger lay. They shake him hard, but never was any one so hard to wake.

Then he rises slowly, stands erect, and tears the white wig from his brow and flings the false beard from his face.

"My son! my son!" the father cries, "can this be you, my darling Gay?"

The mother, so overcome with joy, faints in the arms of her son.

His parents think not of the presents or the gold upon the floor, only of their dear boy.

"Mother, when the vessel was wrecked I only thought of our poverty and longed to die. But then again I thought of you, of father and of the little ones, and I resolved that if I was saved I would work hard and earn money to relieve your poverty. Then some Christmas eve I would go home and make you all happy; so here I am and I shall never go away again."

Ruby Leigh was so happy over the safe return of his son that he invited in his poorer neighbors to a feast. It was truly called a feast for they had all the delicious things that go to make up a Christmas dinner.

Ruby Leigh rejoiced and henceforth trusted in the Lord.

ZORAH V. ANDREWS.



## Was It Right?

"JOHN, will you go over to Peter's for me?" called Mrs. Marsh from the door of her cottage. John, a stalwart boy of sixteen, looked up from his conversation with Fred Randall, "There's mother calling, I must go," and the next minute he was off.

The conversation just ended had been anything but pleasant for poor John. Fred Randall was the son of a well-to-do merchant of the village, while John's mother was a poor widow whose small pension and son's earnings only kept the little family in comfort. Yet the two boys were fast friends, and when Fred had asked him for ten dollars until the next week, John felt sorry that he could not oblige him. "I can give you two," John had said, but that was small consolation to Fred who felt that unless he obtained the money he was ruined. Fred had more spending money than any boy of his acquaintance, yet being one of those good natured people who are always "treating," this late difficulty found him with pockets empty. "Well, I don't know what I'll do," Fred was saying when Mrs. Marsh's voice broke up the discussion for the time being.

John went to the house and Fred to his home, but when the former arrived, it was so late, that he decided to wait until after supper to go upon his errand. Old Peters was by far the wealthiest man that the little village could boast of; he and his wife, an eccentric old couple, living in a large, old fashioned house, almost exactly in the middle of the town. Mrs. Marsh had been furnishing them with eggs, and it was upon this errand that John was now going.

It was about two hours before he started, and it was already quite dark. As he approached the Peters house he noticed that there was no light, but started around the

house, thinking some one might be in the kitchen. As he turned the corner of the house he saw a sight which made his hair stand on end, if such a thing is possible. It could not be! The form just emerging from the cellar window was not his late friend? Yet as he looked more closely he recognized Fred. Should he give the alarm? He was on the point of shouting when the remembrances of Fred's many kindnesses silenced him and he simply stood still and watched the slowly retreating figure enter the big clump of lilac bushes and finally became lost to view. He knew that no one was doing any good coming from a strange window at that hour of the night, and yet the enormity of the thing did not at first dawn upon him. He walked up to the window and began to examine the surroundings. Fred had of course been on his guard and kept on the planks about the house, but unsuspecting John left his tracks in the soft clay. When he saw that there was no one at home he immediately started for his own home. As it was now growing quite late and his mother was alone, he cut across a vacant field, through a narrow by-road, and soon found himself at his mother's door. He decided to keep quiet about his observations, but his quiet manner and unusual silence aroused his mother's suspicions. Feigning sickness, however, he soon retired. But bed to a troubled conscience does not mean rest. It was the first secret of any kind which he had kept from his mother, and his troubled mind gave him no rest. Should he tell her? That was the one question in his mind. With this troubling him he lay for many long hours, but at length succumbed to sleep—"tired nature's sweet restorer."

The next morning the town was in great excitement. The Peters' house had been robbed and while the money taken was a small amount (about twenty dollars), there were many valu-

able papers taken from the desk in the study. The thief had evidently entered the cellar, gone up through the kitchen and from there through the dining room into the study.

Fred had gone with his father to a neighboring town the day after the robbery, and was free of course, from all suspicion. About eight o'clock John took the eggs to the Peters' house but did not remain long as he was soon due at his work. Had the detective, who was already on the scene, only listened sharply, he would have noticed several remarks which John made and which showed that he knew more about it than he had admitted. They finally traced the foot prints across the field towards the Marsh homestead, and following them soon arrived there. Upon their inquiries concerning the matter Mrs. Marsh immediately answered that no one had been near the house since John returned from Peters' the night before. At the word Peters' the detective became aroused and he was readily convinced that the thief was none other than John himself. John even acknowledged that those were his tracks, but denied all guilt in regard to the robbery. He was, however, held pending further investigation. Up to this time he had said nothing to his mother concerning what he had seen, and, although she believed him to be perfectly innocent, yet that did not help him to obtain his release.

If he kept his secret it meant imprisonment, ruin, disgrace to himself, and what was more, to her, and one word would clear him. Many a time he was on the verge of divulging his secret, when the recollection of Fred's kindness during his mother's illness restrained him. He felt that he should tell her, yet could not betray a friend. He had been already convicted of the robbery, when an act of forgetfulness on the part of the detective proved a lucky accident for John. While working on the case the detective had left a satchel in the cellar,

and afterwards when he returned for it noticed a peculiarly shaped mark on the tracks in the cellar which he had not noticed before. Upon investigation he found that the mark was not on the foot-prints outside, but was on some around the lilac bushes which they finally traced to Randall's. When Fred was questioned regarding the robbery he became so frightened and confused that he convicted himself by his own incautious remarks. His father would not believe it, yet could scarcely contradict his son's statements.

Fred was duly convicted and sentenced to prison, but on the return of the papers which luckily he had kept, he was released with a heavy fine. It was a dear lesson. Coward, as he was, he was disgusted with himself when he thought of what the consequences of John's brave conduct might have been. He finally decided to go to Marsh's and at least make what amends he could. As he approached the house he stopped and listened. A woman's voice floated across the clear evening air in that most touching of melodies: "Home, Sweet Home." He stood silent for some time but at last bravely entered. He was treated very cordially by John and his mother and when he left he felt that truth and honesty paid after all.

MAE JACKSON, '03.



## A Christmas of '61.

"JUST you wait, fellows, till my box comes! Mother 'll send all kinds of grub—mince pie, fruit cake, turkey, apples, cranberry jelly, jam, pickles,—um! it makes my mouth water to think about it. Mother always thinks a fellow's on the verge of starvation."

This was part of a conversation carried on in Sergeant Gordon's tent, in which were seated three young men in the Union blue. The tall and dark one was eagerly cleaning a gun but just as eagerly talking and smoking his pipe.

Jack Gordon had enlisted a year ago, somewhat against the wishes of his parents. As the Christmas season drew near, his thoughts naturally reverted to his home. The last few days he had thought a great deal of all that had happened during the past year. The former holiday seasons, when a boy, he had looked forward so eagerly to Christmas; and how hard it was to say good-bye to the folks at home.

Jack had told the boys all about the boxes he had received while at college. His mother would surely send one Christmas. She never forgot a fellow, especially when he didn't have much. Then what a feast they would have! He had picture of it to himself. Besides all kinds of things to eat, there would be socks, mittens and handkerchief from his mother, something nice from the girls, a check from his father, and perhaps something from his sister's chum. Already he had disposed of all the contents of the box. He and the boys would have a feast. Brown should have part of the socks and handkerchiefs, for he had no one to send him a box.

Jack was getting rather impatient, when Christmas came and no box, but he never doubted for a moment but that it had been sent. When one of his comrades happened to inquire, "Gordon, did your box come?" he replied

earnestly that Christmas wasn't over yet, but nevertheless began to grow a little anxious.

Oh, what a long, lonesome day Christmas was. It rained and Jack thought the camp gloomier than ever. The day passed, the next, and a week, and no news of the long looked for box. The fellows tormented him, and kept asking when the feast was coming off. Jack was down-hearted. It was hard luck to be away from home and then not receive a sign of a thing from the folks on Christmas. Frequently he was heard to say, "Confound the Rebs! It's a wonder the government couldn't run trains through, especially when they carry Christmas boxes." Even Brown's advice, "Cheer up, no use being bluer than indigo over a box that didn't come," did him no good.

Jack had almost given up in despair, when the day after New Year's a bulky package arrived for Sergeant Gordon. How high Jack's heart beat in anticipation of the pleasure he was to have with his Christmas treat. He called all the fellows in, generous chap as he was, and sought to vindicate himself before them by liberally sharing his treat. Jack could scarcely wait until the box was opened. How joyfully he removed the several layers of heavy paper until he took up the first package and read:

"We are out at toes and heels too, but you're welcome to what's left of mine.

Yours,

JOHNNIE REB."

Inside were the very scant remains of a pair of socks, just like the ones he had on. "He surely needed them," said Jack, as he displayed the relics to the boys, but his spirits fell.

Inspired by hope that there might be something farther down he kept unpacking. The fellows enjoyed the joke, while they pitied Jack. There were the apple cores, empty jam cans, empty boxes, everything empty, all bearing such legends as: "Tastes like more," "Seems like home," "Like mother used to make." About

a very small piece of fruit cake was wrapped a paper on which was written:

"This was bully, help yourself.

GRATFEUL JOHNNIE."

The lower in the box Jack went, the lower his spirits sank. The last thing proved to his girl's picture, on the back of which written:

"As this was of no use to us, we will forward it, in hopes that your heart will not be entirely broken.

SENTIMENTAL JOHNNIE."

How the boys did laugh. Jack decided to take the matter as a joke and joined in the fun, but after all it was a comfort to him to have something from that long looked for box.

As he went to sleep that night he inwardly vowed to "fix" every Rebel who came his way, not only for the sake of the Union, but in the hope of "fixing" the one who had "fixed" his Christmas box.

MAY FIDLER.

## *Lady Macbeth.*

"ALL the sensational epithets at our command are exhausted in painting in bright colors the terrible, tigerish nature of Lady Macbeth, the intellectual originator of the crime," says Leo, a Shakespearian critic. And so do most critics style her. And yet is it impossible to find any true womanly virtues in Lady Macbeth? People say she was ambitious and "by that sin fell the angels." But her ambition was less for herself than for her husband; in her soliloquy after reading her husband's letter, knowing that his greatest ambition is to become king and knowing also his inability to "catch at the nearest way," she determines for his sake to make the preparations for the horrible crime.

Lady Macbeth possessed not only a wonderful but also a powerful mind; a mind able to exert its influence over a weaker one. She

recognized her power over her husband and used it. Her's was a character that if placed in different surroundings would have been just as noble as it was wicked. If she had been made to seek superior things instead of seeking only those that could be made subject to her own will, she would have developed a gentle as well as a firm disposition.

By nature she was impulsive, lacking quiet determination and the ability to see what the end of a thing is to be, which if she had possessed would possibly have kept her from doing evil. When the Weird Sisters told her husband he would some day be a king and when Fate led Duncan to her very door, her active mind instantly concocted a plan to get rid of him, without stopping to think of the ultimate results.

Lady Macbeth was not old in crime, in fact, it was hard for her to commit the heinous deed. She called upon the evil spirits to change her nature entirely:

Come, you spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;  
That no compunctious visitings of Nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
The effect and it!

Thus she speaks and in order to sustain her spirits and courage she is compelled to use the drug with which she makes the groomsmen of Duncan intoxicated.

She is not such an inhuman monster that her heart is not bound very closely by home ties for we have seen how, for the sake of her husband's glory, she sacrificed everything, even her own self-respect. She herself speaks of her great love for her children, and when she returns from Duncan's chamber after making all preparations for the murder, she says: "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done it."

What different effects the murder of Duncan has upon Macbeth and Lady Macbeth! The former, as if fascinated by the evil deed which he has committed, descends deeper and deeper into the depths of crime until he grows hardened to it, and finally becomes such a tyrant that his very nobles rise up against him. But the conscience of Lady Macbeth will not allow her even to rest in peace at night. In her sleep she recalls the murder of Duncan and the murder of Banquo, although she had nothing to do with it, rests heavily on her mind. "The Thane of Fife had had a wife," she said, "where is she now?" She imagines that blood is still on her and that "all the perfume of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." Now when it is too late she realizes that "what's done cannot be undone." The stain is too great, the woman's nature cannot act out the past and her mind gives way. From insanity to suicide is but a step and Macbeth hears as he goes forth to battle, that the queen is dead, killed by her own hand. He receives the news with a doggedness that characterized the latter part of his life and utters the following pessimistic words:

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That starts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more; it is a tale  
Told by an idiot full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing."

FLORA J. BECK.



## *The Princess Who Lost Her Speech.*

[Translated from the German by Louise Brown.]

THERE was once a king who owned a large garden. The paths were strewn with many-colored sands, in niches among the hedges of the yew-trees stood marble statues, and flowers in glowing colors from foreign lands adorned the lawns. In a grotto lay a sphinx, and marble fauns stood grinning from the box-tree hedges. In the middle of the garden rose a group of marble sea-gods, riding on dolphins.

With one exception, all people considered the garden a wonder. The beautiful young princess declared that the heathen gods frightened her, and she would never enter the garden.

Then the king, who loved his daughter above all things, commanded a young gardener who had traveled through many lands and had seen many beautiful things, to lay out a new garden in place of the old one, to give to his daughter as a birthday gift.

The gardener worked faithfully, the sunshine and the rain aided him, and when the festival-day arrived, he stood before the entrance gate and handed the golden key of the garden, on a salver, to the princess. Followed by the court mistress of ceremonies and by her ladies-in-waiting, she entered.

Winding avenues of trees, flowering shrubs and vines, whose tendrils hung down from above and waved in the wind, took the place of the hedge rows in the old garden. The path then led through green meadows, past terraces

covered with roses. The heart of the princess leaped for joy. She left the path and ran so swiftly over the grass that the court ladies could scarcely keep up with her. But with stately steps, shaking her head occasionally, the court mistress of ceremonies followed the gay young people. A heavy rose branch had caught in her powdered hair, and she did not find the new garden so delightful. The princess approached the place where the marble sea-gods had formerly been. Now a small lake danced in the sunshine. Reeds and gay sword-lilies bordered it, and white water-lilies, with green, heart-shaped leaves, reposed on its bosom.

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried the princess, and the maidens agreed with her. But now a terrible thing happened. A large green frog, which had made its home in the reeds, hearing the noise of the silken garments, sprang into the water so that the drops splashed high in the air. Everyone screamed, and the princess sank fainting to the ground. Up came the court mistress with quickened steps to see what had occurred. Fortunately, restoratives were close at hand. The fainting girl soon recovered, but she had lost her speech. With frightened faces they led her back to the palace.

The citizens had decorated their homes in honor of the princess, but when the mid-day bell tolled, and the word passed around that the princess had lost her speech, the decorations were removed.

The princess had recovered from her plight, she could eat and drink what was set before her, but over her lips passed no word. Doctors came, consulted with each other, and gave long prescriptions. The sick girl took medicines of all kinds, but her speech did not return. The whole court went into mourning.

The old king, usually so good and gentle, was in a great rage. He ordered all of the frogs in the kingdom killed. The gardener, he threw into a dungeon.

But what did all this avail? The princess remained speechless.

Days, weeks and months passed by. From all parts of the world came doctors. What one advised, others laughed at, but none helped the princess. Even wise old women and shepherds were called in, and Jack Retch, the hangman, with his incantations, but none aided her.

All of this time the gardener was in great distress. He had expected a great reward, but instead he was in chains. But his mother, a very wise woman, lived in the country, not far distant. When she heard the news she came at once to the city, went to the prison and begged the turnkey so piteously to be permitted to see her son, that he finally consented. A whole hour they remained together, and then the mother left, but the gardener wore a more hopeful expression and even hummed a song.

The next day he was led to the king; he announced that he knew of a method of curing the princess, if he could have the opportunity of proving it.

The princess had suffered much this morning. First a foreign doctor had probed her with a gleaming needle, but although she had groaned and sighed, she had uttered no word. Then on the advice of an old woman, she had eaten the heart, liver and tongue of a magpie, and this had not helped.

Now she lay weak and white on her bed and had closed her eyes from exhaustion. The gardener was brought in. He was in chains, but of good courage.

"Now show your skill," cried the king, "and if you can cure her then you shall have the order of the crocodile and as much money as you can carry away."

The gardener approached the bedside of the sick girl, who sat up unwillingly, took her small white hand, and looked straight into the tired eyes. "Poor child," he said, "So unfortunate, and not yet twenty-one years old."

Over the pale cheek of the princess spread a blush, her bosom heaved and she cried out, "No, no, I am not quite nineteen." Her speech had returned, and the king and all of the court wept for joy.

NOTE.—Rudolph Baumbach, the author of the story "The Princess Who Lost Her Speech," translated above, is one of the most delightful of Germany's living poets and story-tellers. The senior class is reading "The Story of a Blue-stocking" by him. There are many touches of wit and satire in this story.

MISS RUESS.

## *An Impression.*

THE day before Christmas was my friend John Smith's birthday anniversary and he told me some friends had been in to dinner, but the dinner and their conduct had left such an impression that he believed he had seen their ghosts that Christmas Eve.

You may have some slight acquaintance with ghosts. Well, the first thing visible to John was a long white table, upon which were four black dice of different sizes with the numbers '03, '04, '05, '06 turned up. Silently and gradually evolving from the surrounding darkness appeared a black shrouded skeleton seated at the farther end of the table. An arm was slowly extended and the dice were thrown. As they came to rest on the table eight spots were up and the mysterious figure said in a voice like the echo in a great hall, "Eight, come forth."

On the left side were two skeletons, one shrouded in black, the other in brown; while opposite were six black-shrouded figures.

The apparition at the end of the table began a discourse about improving the present and ended by saying that it would do no harm to study these dice and they could then use them better. The dice were thrown and as the num-

bers were counted, one of the six, who carried a book and was probably the book-keeper (although the cover only had x, y, z's on it), read off the number, somebody's name, and all his history, past and present, no matter how good his deeds. As the number was eleven the person must have been extraordinarily good or bad, because not a word could be distinguished amid the noise and eloquent gesturing, which foretold number eleven's annihilation.

After many more numbers had been read, a dice unluckily rolled off the table as it was thrown, and '03 was called. A great din and clatter arose, but through it all one ghost, with an angular skull and many circles and lines thereon, was unmoved and it could easily be seen that he was a neophyte in these mysteries.

Another skeleton at all times was shaking a great spear and never seemed to tire of it. The shaft of the spear struck a head, shaped like the earth, but there was no retaliation or response.

This forbidding specter used his weapon as a badge of authority and often as he brandished it the others burst into discordant groans, which were meant perhaps for music, though no harmony was there.

Suddenly came a loud chattering of teeth and on looking up Smith saw that the brown and black-shrouded skeletons had thrown back their hoods and on the top of their skulls were little stems sprouting, which he recognized as the latest and worst diseases of the twentieth century, "Latinoot" and "Greekoot." The gruesome crowd sat scowling, when one petulantly threw a handful of missiles at another, who returned the compliment in kind, until the murky atmosphere was filled with strange objects—radical signs, verbal stems, loci of points, ellipses, protoplasm, paramoecia, parallelipeds, ions, binary compounds and perspectives.

As the meeting was getting tiresome some

one said, "Ain't we goin' to close?" Instantly another said, "Bad English."

The number thirteen was called and as the book-keeper read, "John Smith," John woke up.

CUMMINGS LINDLEY, '03.

## Ornithology.

(*Genus Naughtyfourus.*)

BY WOODWARD BIRDCRAFT.

### FORE-WORD.

ABOUT eleven moons ago (that is, about ten moons before the appearance of the Moccasin tracks in our snows), the medicine man felt inspired to write a sort of description of the '04's.

The result of that inspiration was shown to *Wilson's Tanneris*, then a new arrival from the north, among the denizens of our beautiful forest. He, who is now known as the Moccasin Bird, appeared pleased with the production. Moreover, he has now asked for it to be put into his Moccasin. In a much altered and revised form, that description now invites the attention of the reader.

### INTRODUCTION.

Whatever the other creatures of the forest may be we must inform the reader that those known as '04's are indeed *Birds*.

There are many places where these birds may be studied, but the best place is at the crossing of the Big Four Trail and the Bow-Man's Path. In common with other creatures, all the birds go there for food and water.

In that neck of the woods dwell several good, kind hearted people who feed and care for the birds and other denizens of the forest.

We hope all of these Wardens have good intentions, but think a few should be instructed by the Audubon Society. On the whole, however, they are a group of people much to be admired, and we fear that some of the feathered creatures do not appreciate them.

#### CHAPTER I.

Being a Catalog and Description of the Birds that Frequent Good Food Crossing.

The Flirter (*Angelinus Bruckerus*).

Never was bird much better named than this. [Of course, we mean the common name, the Latin name is absurd as much Latin is.] This bird will flirt with almost any male bird in the woods.

One of *Angelinus*' latest flirtations was with *Howardus Eyerlis*.

*Angelinus* is a very accomplished bird, taking high rank in the estimation of the Wardens at the crossing. She seems to be a lover of historical crumbs and often sings to good effect in Warden Hill's Lodge. In this she differs from several other frequenters of Hill's Lodge; for she has words besides music while many only crow and cackle.

The Hermit Thrush (*Mareis Brumfieldes*.)

This name has a significance. The Hermit Thrush is said by some to be the sweetest musician we have. At assembly *Mareis Brumfieldes* entertains all the denizens of the woods with her music, but she is so very, very shy.

The Parrot (*Plumis Buckmastris*.)

Ah! here we have the bird that sits on the ridge-pole of Warden Hill's Lodge and cries not, "Polly wants a cracker," but "Polly has the dates; which one do you want?" The price of a date is understood to be one of the Warden's smiles, or her words, "*Plumis* knows." The best dates are divided into 365 equal parts.

*Plumis* talks to good effect and is held in high esteem by all the Wardens. Her word is most always reliable; with Warden Hill it is gospel.

*Plumis* says that Warden Soyez calls on The Great Owl (*Rais Cahallis*), and herself (*Plumis*) most of the time.

Well, that's all right *Plumis* and *Rais* know how to talk to the Warden.

The Rooster (*Jacobis Oldis*.)

You need not take your opera glasses when you go to study this bird. He is not hard to find. You need not tread silently; you need not hide behind the trees. From afar off you will see him on the highest perch to be found, spreading his wings and crowing "Cock-a-doo-dle-doo-dle-doo, I did it."

You may hear his familiar crowing in any Warden's Lodge. At Warden Hill's he mounts the ridge-pole near *Plumis*, and loudly disputes with her.

This is the bird that can take the scientific suet in one claw, the historical bread in the other, throw back his head and crow, "Cock-a-doo-dle-doo-dle-doo, I did it."

*Jacobis*, also, has musical ability besides his crowing.

After a fashion, the Rooster is an athletic bird, being somewhat of a sprinter. In this line of work there is sometimes hot rivalry between *Jacobis* and *Thomas Hallus*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTE.—This is the first of a series of articles on the Class of '04. The next one will appear in our next issue.—ED.



## *High School Athletics.*

True education aims at the perfection of man mentally, morally, physically and spiritually. All institutions of learning recognize the fact that the man who goes forth from their walls with an abnormally developed brain but devoid of morality, a spiritual dwarf or with a physique undeveloped, or but poorly developed, is but imperfectly educated. Hence the Young Men's Christian Association, the gymnasium, the Bible Society.

Not only do representatives of these institutions meet in oration and debate, but on the athletic field as well. Which college or high school is most efficient in its training? That which sends forth men and women well rounded in development. Just to the extent to which any one of these departments of education is neglected to that extent is the system at fault. Realizing this fact, the high school and the college of today have their athletic fields whereon the athlete contends for supremacy.

Nor is the laurel wreath won at the Olympian contest to be despised. Fortunate indeed is he who is hailed as victor.

For many years our own high school has completed against all who chose to enter the lists. Nor have we competed in vain. Under the clear June sky, or on the crisp October day, on the athletic field, on the gridiron, the spoils of victory have oftentimes been our share. The goddess of fortune has smiled upon us and our camp has rung with applause for the victors. But who has won the victory? Has he always been a student who has upheld the honor of the high school? Sometimes—seldom, be it said—a student only in name.

But a new era has dawned. Contests won by those who were but nominally students, live only in our memories. No longer can he enter the lists who is undeserving of such honor. Is he not a successful student? Then debar

him. Thus has come the command and we all join our voices in proclaiming the justice of it. The past season has shown the wisdom of clear, sportsman like athletics. With September here, and no veterans to fill up the depleted ranks, the time was ripe for "ringers." But it was not to be so. A foot-ball team of bona fide students was organized to uphold the honor of our school. Defeated in the beginning of the season, we were but spurred to greater effort. While some defeats followed of none of them need we blush. Those who were our conquerors have proved themselves among the strongest.

We can view with pleasure the events of the week preceding Thanksgiving Day when one of the State's strong teams went down to defeat on our gridiron. In a sea of mud, under dark and threatening skies, the season, begun in defeat, was ended by a great victory.

What have we gained? Not only have we, by our sportsmanlike conduct, won the respect of our foes, both victors and vanquished, but *men* have been trained. He who has withstood the temptations which beset him is not only a more manly man physically but who can estimate the advantages he has gained? We need not speak of personal characteristics or laud any individual for his brilliant work. *All* have done their parts nobly and manfully. To each and every member of the team is due the credit of the victories won, of the manhood displayed.

While previous years have found us almost destitute of trained men, next year will find the same men who have done their parts so well again at the front, veterans of a year's active service.

When the grass begins to grow and warm winds to waft their balmy breezes in at the open door, then will the brawn, developed the past season, be utilized and may field day be made a success as it has in the past. The time-worn maxim "Practice makes perfect" contains a lesson for us. Shall we heed it? We *have* won honor in the past. "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well." Then let us not merely have a track team but let us have a *good* one.

PROF. ANDERSON.

# THE MOCCASIN.

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF THE MANSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL.

Price, 10 Cents an Issue.

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35 Cents a Year.

Vol. I.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

No. 2.

## STAFF:

WILSON TANNER, .....	Editor-in-Chief.
MEDARY STARK, .....	Associate.
PORTIA MENGERT, .....	Literary Editor.
BURKE BROWN, .....	Business Manager.
MALCOLM PLATT, .....	Circulation Manager.

The Moccasin wishes you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Our last issue received a reception perhaps never before equalled in the history of our school. To say we were pleased is to put it but lightly, and we wish to extend our heartiest thanks to the school for its support. More than three hundred copies were sold in the high school alone, and we have had more contributions for this issue than we could possibly use.

We are very sorry to say that our order for cuts was delayed so that we are unable to present them all in this issue. We assure you that we are sparing neither time nor money to make the paper attractive, and that the fault in this case does not lie with us, but with the engraving company. The missing cuts together with several new ones will be presented in our next issue, which will be out on St. Valentine's Day.

If some of the students of the school would but remember that the purpose of a class recitation is to teach the members of the class, and that the students can not learn anything from a recitation of which not a word can be heard even across the aisle, perhaps they would raise their voices a little so as to be heard. This is so common a nuisance that it should be hardly necessary to mention it. But a nuisance it is and one that should be abated.

Sentiment in the school is growing in favor of a literary society. The advantages of such an organization are so well known that they scarcely need repeating. But it will do no harm, so we mention a few: The parliamentary drill is an unmistakable benefit in after life and the art of speaking well in public, so much needed in later years, is developed; the drill given the mind and the knowledge derived from discussion of important subjects are well worth

having. Surely, one can but hope to see a literary society in our high school in the near future.

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Stories, poems, and articles are always welcome. We must have them to make the paper a success, and as the paper is yours, you are the ones who must write them. In writing, you should remember that manuscript should be written on good paper, with ink, on one side only, and that liberal margins should be left at both the top and the left side. Hand in your contributions to the literary editor, Portia Mengert, at least two weeks before date of issue. Always sign your name and class, we can not waste time on anonymous articles; and if your contribution does not appear the first time, do not be discouraged, but try again, and with increased experience, success is sure to come.

---

The foot-ball season is at last over. From an athletic standpoint the team did all that could be expected, but not what could have been done if they had had a second team to practice against. Smaller schools than ours have enough spirit to gather a squad of thirty, and we should do the same. From a financial standpoint the season was a dismal failure, owing to two things, first the non-support of the school, and second the weather at the Thanksgiving game. The second cause we could not help,

but the first should be removed. The crowds have been fair for our school compared with former years, but we are now a high school of the first class and should turn out a crowd that will at least pay expenses.

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Every pupil in school should take an extra copy of his school paper and sell it to one of his friends outside of school. Remember that a paper can not be run on wind, and that money must be had. We must count mostly on the circulation for the money, for without a circulation we can get no "ads". Right here it is not out of place to say a word for our advertisers. Without them we could not have put out this number, which costs over eighty dollars. They have supported us nobly, and in turn they justly expect to be patronized. They are all reliable firms and you can easily do your buying from them, while benefitting yourself, your school paper and the advertiser. They put their money in a paper issued for your benefit, and it is only right that you in turn should patronize them.

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### *An Ode to the Moccasin.*

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Go, little booklet, go,  
Bearing an honored name,  
'Till every place that you have went,  
They're glad that you have came.

# Athletics.



## MT. VERNON GAME.

Nov. 15.

This game, the beginning of the last three to be played at home, predicted good playing for the remaining two. After the defeat at Gambier some thought the team would never win, but their hopes rose after the Mt. Vernon game. Although Mansfield did not win she put up a very stiff game, and with one exception, kept her goal out of danger. A field goal by Bogardus won the game for the vistsors. The teams were about evenly matched in weight, Mansfield possibly having a slight advantage of one or two pounds. Mt. Vernon's playing was characterized by the snap that was put into it, while Mansfield's was slower. Mt. Vernon's gains were continuous, while those of Mansfield were periodical.

### FIRST HALF.

Mt. Vernon kicked off. Mansfield carried the ball to the thirty yard line, where it was lost on downs. Mt. Vernon by hard bucking and short end runs carried it to Mansfield's three yard line. Mansfield made a superb stand and took the ball on downs. Mansfield advanced the ball to Mt. Vernon's fifty yard line by bucks and end runs. Brown and Stark made good gains on bucks, while Moore and Cunningham took care of the end runs. The ball was lost on the fifty

yard line on account of Maffet's holding. Mt. Vernon by gains of from one to three yards carried the ball to the twenty-five-yard line, where Bogardus kicked goal. The ball struck one of the posts and glanced in, missing the cross-bar by a few inches. Cunningham kicked to the five yard line. Mt. Vernon carried it back to the twelfth. It was then advanced to the forty yard line when time was called.

Score—Mt. Vernon 5, Mansfield 0.

### SECOND HALF.

Mt. Vernon carried the ball back a few yards from their eleven yard line on Cunningham's kick. They then advanced it to their twenty-five yard line, where they were forced to punt. Moore recovered McConnell's fumble on Mansfield's forty-five yard line. Mansfield pushed the ball to Mansfield's fifty yard line, where it was lost on downs. Mt. Vernon advanced it to Mansfield's twenty-five yard line, where they in turn were held four downs. When Mansfield got the ball she seemed to be filled with new life and pierced the line for ten, twelve and fifteen yards. Then the gains become smaller until she was held for downs on Mt. Vernons's thirty yard line. Mt. Vernon by hard work advanced the ball to Mansfield's fifty yard line, where she fumbled. On two plays Mansfield advanced the ball six yards, when time was called.

Score—Mt. Vernon 5, Mansfield 0.

LINE UP:

Mt. Vernon.	Mansfield.
Wraight . . . . . c. . . . .	Maffet
Bricker . . . . . r. g. . . . .	Herring
Sharpneck . . . . . l. g. . . . .	Satler
Bogardus . . . . . r. t. . . . .	Brown
Cureton . . . . . l. t. . . . .	Davidson
Parks . . . . . r. e. . . . .	Hall
Harter . . . . . l. e. . . . .	Twitchell
Creveling . . . . . q. . . . .	McConnell
Williams . . . . . r. h. . . . .	Moore
Sellers . . . . . l. h. . . . .	Cunningham
Amandon . . . . . f. b. . . . .	Stark

Referee—Anderson, Mansfield.

Umpire—Smith, Mt. Vernon.

Time keepers—Condit, Mt. Vernon; Summer-ville, Mansfield.

Linesmen — Iler, Mt. Vernon; Robinson, Mansfield.

Time of halves 20 and 15 minutes.

Day good; crowd fair.

CRESTLINE GAME.

Nov. 22.

As a practice game it did very well, but was not as hard as the team had wished for on account of the Columbus game. Mansfield scored at will and ran up a score of 53 to 0. The score would have been much larger if Mansfield had been faster. The bucks were especially slow. Cunningham put up the star game for Mansfield, making some brilliant hurdles. Crestline was light, but had one or two opportune tacklers. Channel, Crestline's left half, was their star.

Crestline made first down once and that in the first half, but was forced to punt immediately afterwards. The home team was not held for downs once.

In the second half DeHaven left the game and a ringer, McGinnis, took his place, but failed to do much good.

At the close of the game Capt. Becker became sick from a jolt in the ribs and was taken to the emergency hospital. After a little rest he was taken home on the 8:30 car.

Coach Benedict was out and paid close attention to the playing of the team, that he might correct it before the game with Central High.

Score—Mansfield 53, Crestline 0.

LINE UP:

Mansfield.	Crestline.
Maffat . . . . . c. . . . .	Rittig
Herring . . . . . r. g. . . . .	Shephard
Satler . . . . . l. g. . . . .	Geiger, Zink
Brown . . . . . r. t. . . . .	Fitzsinmons
Davidson . . . . . l. t. . . . .	Stuck
Hall . . . . . r. e. . . . .	Shober
Twitchell . . . . . l. e. . . . .	Neff
McConnell . . . . . q. . . . .	Hayes
Moore . . . . . r. h. . . . .	Bricker
Cunningham . . . . . l. h. . . . .	DeHaven, McGin.
Stark . . . . . f. b. . . . .	Channell, Geiger

Referee—Benedict, Mansfield.

Umpire—Kerr, Crestline.

Time of halves 20 and 15 minutes.

Day bad; crowd poor.

THANKSGIVING GAME.

This, the last game of the season, showed the strength of the Mansfield team. We won by a score of 11 to 0, but not without very hard playing.

The day was cold; the field about three inches deep in mud; the crowd, small, but enthusiastic. There was a strong wind blowing from the northwest, which drove the snow into the spectators faces with a vengeance.

When the playing was in the mud, the game was slow; in the grass, fast and furious. Cunningham broke away from the bunch twice, once for a thirty-yard run, another time for one of twenty-five. Moore also made a twenty-five yard run on a trick side-line play. Columbus failed to make any long runs.

Every man on the team played a star game. Every man knew his place and filled it well. The teams were about equal in their work. Mansfield's defenses was much stronger. Their weight was about equal, Central possibly having the advantage by a few pounds. The weight was differently placed; the Columbus ends were heavy in comparison with Mansfield's, while their backs were light when compared to ours. The line men averaged about the same.

Stark made good gains through center. The guards had large holes for him, which, together with the fact that he ran with his head down and put all his weight and strength into his plays, made him to be much feared by Central High. Brown and Davidson made good gains on bucks off guard and tackle. Twitchell and Hall put up a speedy game and also failed to be drawn in. Satler and Herring held like iron posts and broke through the line several times. McConnell played his usual star game. The Columbus ends played the best game for the visitors, getting into the plays and tackling hard and low. The remainder of the team also put up a good game.

Cunningham won the toss and chose the south goal, preferring to face the wind rather than to run on the muddiest part of field. Columbus kicked to our ten yard line, where Moore caught it and carried it back about 15 yards.

Hard line pounding brought the ball to Central's fifty yard line, when it was lost on downs. Central made first down twice before they were stopped on our thirty-five yard line. After a buck Cunningham took the ball to

Central's twenty-five yard line. The ball was almost on the side line, thus giving us a chance to use a trick play. All of the team except McConnell and Moore started on an end run. Moore, who had the ball, waited an instant, then closely followed by McConnell, sprinted down the side line. McConnell blocked one man and Moore slipped away from another after being tackled almost on the goal line. He crawled over the line on his hands and knees. The crowd cheered lustily. Time 12 minutes.

Cunningham missed a difficult goal by a few inches. Twitchell caught the ball on the next kick off and ran it back to the twenty-five yard line. Cunningham started on an end run, and cutting in from his interference, covered twenty-five yards, after making a sensational hurdle. The crowd cheered him again and again. After a few bucks and an end run by Cunningham, the ball was held on Central's one yard line. Here Central took a brace and it took Mansfield the three downs to go over, which was done just as time was called. Cunningham kicked goal.

In the second half Central ran the ball back to the twenty-five yard line on Cunningham's kick off. Bucks were tried, but resulted in no gain. Central then punted to McConnell on Mansfield's fifty-five yard line, who fumbled but recovered. Mansfield carried the ball to Central's forty yard line, where it was lost on downs. The visitors were downed for a big loss and again punted to Mansfield's fifty-five yard line. Mansfield ran the ball down the field to the eleven yard line, where Central was penalized five yards for foul tackling. Time was called with the ball on the five yard line. Had there been 20 seconds more time Mansfield would undoubtedly have scored again.

Score—Mansfield 11, Columbus 0.

## LINE UP:

Columbus.		Mansfield.
Nesbitt . . . . .	c. . . . .	Maffet
Hildreth . . . . .	r. g. . . . .	Herring
Coffin . . . . .	l. g. . . . .	Satler
Madigan . . . . .	r. t. . . . .	Brown
Wilson . . . . .	l. t. . . . .	Davidson
Herbert . . . . .	r. e. . . . .	Hall
Ruth . . . . .	l. e. . . . .	Twitchell
Briggs . . . . .	q. . . . .	McConnell
Jones . . . . .	r. h. . . . .	Moore
McPeck . . . . .	l. h. . . . .	Cunningham
Julien . . . . .	f. b. . . . .	Stark

Referee—Benedict.

Umpire—Barr.

Timekeeper—Dirlam.

Touchdowns—Moore and Cunningham.

Time of halves 20 and 15 minutes.

The members of the team held a meeting in Mr. Hall's room, Dec. 16, and elected Thomas Hall manager and Osborne Meese captain for next year.

## Coming to Chapel.

With apologies to the author of "The Pied Piper,"  
 E're three shrill clangs from the signal uttered,  
 It seemed as if an army muttered,  
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling,  
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling,  
 As out of the rooms the scholars came tumbling,  
 Great ones, small ones, lean ones, brawny ones,  
 Fair ones, dark ones, green ones, tawny ones,  
 Black heads, white heads, red heads, brown heads,  
 Solid heads, hollow heads, pointed heads, round  
 heads.

Then came a rustling that seemed like a bustling  
 Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,  
 Little tongues chattering, heavy shoes clattering.  
 And like fowls in a barnyard, when barley is scat-  
 tering,

In came the scholars to chapel.

MAE JACKSON.

## The Athletic Season of '92.

The editors of The Moccasin having requested me to summarize the season's work in athletics, I take the occasion thus offered to set before the patrons of the schools the attitude which the present administration takes to the whole question of athletic sports.

We believe the old Latin proverb which translated reads: "A sound mind in a sound body" might as well be put: "A sound body for a sound mind." We are therefore interested in all that goes to the making up of a vigorous physical manhood and womanhood. That the strength of limb, the soundness of breathing, the endurance, the vigor and activity which are required in successful foot-ball playing, conduce most directly to the beneficent ends suggested cannot of course be gainsaid, but the enormous gain in character which comes from playing a clean, manly game is too often overlooked.

While we believe in foot-ball if properly played by boys properly trained, we do not in the least approve of the playing of the game as usually carried on. Foot-ball at the best is a rough game and if we could have our way about it, the American youth would return to the old Association game which was popular twenty years ago and which really was played some of the time with the feet. The element of danger is almost entirely eliminated in this game and equal skill is required for its playing as in the present Rugby game.

But we cannot have the Association game. What shall we do? Shall we ignore the game and play Pontius Pilate in our attitude toward the boys who will play the rough Rugby game? We say no. Our duty as the teachers of Mansfield youth is not alone to interest them in their school work but to join in

sympathy with them in all their legitimate schemes for culture or amusement and recreation.

In pursuance of this policy the authorities of the school told the team in September that the members thereof could play foot-ball under the name of the Mansfield High School only on well-defined conditions. These are they :

1. No person to play upon the team who is not a bona-fide member of the High School, carrying a minimum of fifteen hours work a week.

2. No player to remain upon the team who does not maintain a passing grade in every subject he is taking.

3. The team is not to play other teams who do not maintain an equally high moral standard.

4. No out of town games on school days.

5. No out of town games without a teacher chaperon.

6. Any modification of these rules to be submitted to the authorities at home and to opposing teams and action to be guided by the unbiassed decision of the parties to whom the questions in issue are submitted.

It is very gratifying to me to report that the boys have been absolutely loyal to these rules and close the year's season in foot-ball with clear consciences. They have learned some very important lessons this year which their teachers believe will work and have already worked to the upbuilding of their characters.

The teachers are very proud of the manly spirit they have shown and wish for them a far greater measure of success upon the gridiron than they have so far had.

It ought to be explained that at the close of the season owing to the unfortunate injury of Osborne Meese, the quarter-back, Cleveland McConnell was put into his place, although the latter had some weeks before withdrawn from school. McConnell had been the team's quarter-back at the beginning of the season. The circumstances seemed to warrant the substitution of McConnell, and all visiting teams were consulted about his playing.

We hope the boys next year will receive more hearty support from the public, for they deserve it because of their manly, clean, sportsmanlike playing. C. L. VAN CLEVE.

## CLASS NOTES.

### A CLASS.

The seating of the A Class reminds one of the minstrels—Louise and Charles making excellent end men.

We wonder if Jay would recognize the little square licorice box should he see it now?

Miss Hill to Louise: "My dear girl you will some day be snatched bald headed for your much talking."

Why is it Hazel is so partial to the song, "In the Good Old Summer Time?"

Flora says that a ring made of Coral is to bite on. Then why would it not be a good idea to make Louise a Christmas present of a Coral pencil?

Burke and Lynne prefer blue coloring for their faces to red. Where do they get the material (blue chalk)?

Portia M.—"I think Addison was the best writer, but I don't think that people in general would notice it."

Some of the girls would like to know whether Lynne was intended to represent a "Gypsy Queen" or "Carry Nation?"

Some translations in German: "Herr Leber-echt went out not without throwing the door behind him."—Karl.

With pitch dark hair.—James.

He carried his head high up.—Tillie.

Margaret S.—"Tell Burke to give me his knife." Burke (gallantly) "Tell Margaret to give me her pencil."

"Laugh and enjoy life while you can, Louise," B.

We all listen while Miss Hill reads a "speck" from the "Spectator."

Miss Hill: "Two people could even love one man today."

Miss Hill, speaking of Budgell, "After his death he went to destruction."

Brilliant is he who explained the meaning of "commination service."

"It's always something to know you've done the most you could."—Dickens.

Kennen—to know; Erkennen—to recognize; Anerkennen—to embrace.

"Lives of great men all remind us,  
But our minds our getting slow,  
And we cannot tell to save us,  
What their lives would make us know."

Louise: The bass singers in our school sing too base.

Miss Hughes: I thought that every member of this class would remember that silver nitrate is used to dye hair.

Some of the member of our class are glad that they have at last reached the point where they are not continually hearing, "The other class did so and so."

Mr. Hall: "Along the banks of the Andes."

#### B I.

Mr. Van Cleve—"Carl, where have you seen an example of a hydraulic press?"

Sattler—"Pulver's cider mill."

Priest—"I pity poor lady Jane, because she didn't want to have any such 'doins'."

Mr. Hall—"Now, look here, I gave each one of you girls a man, what did you do with him?"

Miss Hill—"What do I mean by an infallible man!"

Cecil—"A man without blemish."

"Helen, you want to be careful, for when Tommy starts to throw books he's dangerous."

Sattler is sporting again; actually had a pair of "bones" to school with him.

Marguerite Hurst announces a startling fact, the sum and substance of it is: "The unit of measure is a gram of heat."

Miss Hill—"Pluma agrees with you, Irvin."

Priest—"Gee, that cinches it."

Marguerite Hurst—Translating, "And the Dutch"—Miss Ruess—"Ach! nein!"

"Angeline, wouldn't it be 'divine' if the last syllable were left off your name?"

Better not try if you can't translate those little German stories of the Fatherland, for Miss Ruess threatens an execution.

Sir Ben Thompson certainly would not have lived to tell the tale if he had been struck by Mr. Hall's scorn. Torrecelli would have died from the burden of his sarcasm and Chas. Tripple—well, they might meet yet.

What girl wants to keep Howard posted in Physics?

R. Cahall had a surprising meeting with Miss Ruess one afternoon. Ask him about it.

## B II.

We wonder if Mr. Hall is the only one who thinks Ed. C. is soft?

Marguerite H. should avoid sunlight, because it Wilson Tanner.

Eleanor D. is in danger; some one should Warner.

Helen E. ought to sign a temperance pledge, she is too fond of Al Caball. Angeline B. is entirely too Frank.

Why should Medary S. make a good shepherd? Because he takes good care of Dir-lam.

(We hope this will be respected on account of its age.)—Ed.

Why should Katherine D. have a guardian appointed? Because she is Stark mad.

Why does Mr. Anderson make frequent trips to Springfield?

Ask Marguerite Hurst to locate Deutschland.

Why did Walter J. enjoy hunting this fall? Because he was trackin' a Wolffe.

Medary ponders long over "love's labor lost."

Leroy Pool (the skeptic)—"That might be, but."

Marguerite H.—"Short but sweet."

"As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." Some think that the B class need tying up.

We never knew that Mr. Anderson was witty; but the other day he surprised us by saying, "There is so much buzzing in here, you would think the pupils were all B's instead of C's."

Miss Ruess must be well versed in Shakespeare, for she makes "Much ado about nothing."

## C CLASS.

When we get up to twenty-five lines of latin per day, we won't get up to breakfast.

Floyd is quite a star in latin; still he's only a little "shaver."

Student in Botany, "Ferns grow in moist earth, damp soil, wet ground and mouldy land."

Will Fritz is thinking seriously of moving to We all know it, and extend our heart felt sympathies. He's so diligent in his pursuit.

"What's the matter with Jesse!"

Some latin teachers think 70 per cent. is a good grade; but if you should happen to get 69 per cent, you fail.

Botany Prof., "Ray, how does the mineral matter get into a fern?"

Ray, "I don't know; but I think it always was there."

Ist Pupil—"Say, what's Laura's favorite animal?"

2d Pupil—"Why, a Campbell, of course."

Her first name is Nettie,

The last we can't spell;

If you ask Mr. Anderson,

Perhaps he can tell.

She teaches at the M. H. S.,

Of course you all know that:

Her smile reminds you of something,

It surely must be a cheshire cat.

Wanted—A barber to cut Gayard's and Ralph's hair.

## C II.

## THE SEVEN WONDERS.

Evangeline wasn't talking!

Miss Hill's room was warm enough for Osborne.

Arthur B's algebra explanation got along with one "why—a."

There was something that Dean didn't know!

Miss Hughes did not crack a smile.

Frank M. has learned durch, fur, gegen; ahne, um and wider!

We haven't heard "football" for a whole week.

If you are at a loss for a slang expression, or longing for a dime novel, go to Miss Hill. She will will supply you.

### CONSIDER THIS—

Miss Brown—"If you can't get your latin in two hours, take three; if you can't get it in that time, take all night."

Mr. Anderson—"I don't want to give you any more than it will take you an hour and a half to get."

Miss Hill—"You may take only six pages today; then you will have time to look up something outside."

Will some one please add this up and tell us what time we have to eat and sleep?

### C III.

We study English, German, Latin and Greek. Only Sophomores know how to hold their tongues in four languages.

Mark Twain says the English are the only modern people mentioned in the Bible. We have looked in vain to find Charlie Lemoine's name there.

Marie Coal ought to be happy, as the world has at last put a proper estimate on coal.

Some benevolent parties are collecting money to get Arthur a brush and comb. All contributions will be thankfully received.

Little Frankie is the pet of the class, (Of the girls and Miss Hill, at least.)

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### Editor's Note.

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On account of time we are unable to run the remaining class notes.

All the missing articles will be run next issue, together with many cuts. The tardiness of the contributors of stories was the direct cause.

